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LET YOUR PAPER FOLLOW YOU.
The Washington Herald will be mailed upon request to subscribers leaving the city during the summer months. Change of address will be made as frequently as desired; notices of such change should give both the old and new address. Notify your carrier or newsdealer or telephone direct to The Washington Herald, 754 15th st. n.w. The subscription rate is the same out of town as in the city.

American Superficiality.
Our national disease is not nervousness, but superficiality. Such is the diagnosis of a learned German observer, Prof. Hugo Münsterberg. He attributes American lack of self-control and of the habit of thoroughness to making woman too frequently the head of the family. Hence woman has been permitted to take the lead in social life, art, literature, culture and moral development. This has entailed a "flippant superficiality and nervous restlessness" in public life.
It is true that American men are very busy. They like to prove themselves equal to every opportunity and masters of many activities. If those characteristics of a new country, then may its youth be preserved. Other foreign observers have credited American men with alert enterprise and with courage and optimism in conquering adverse conditions. But it appears that they lack the phlegmatic reserve of older civilizations, that averts worry by acquired self-police and treats the morrow as having been reduced to taking care of itself. It may be admitted that in this country woman occupies a sphere without exact European parallel. But the attentions that she devotes to science, social reform, literature, and public affairs have not impaired any element of the American home, nor have they lessened masculine interest in the pursuit of culture. If our social order lacks a dilettant stratum of men, it is because its entire body is wholesomely active. American men do write books, paint pictures, carve statues, and exert themselves in activities for public welfare. It is not because the men abandon to the women the higher and more serious affairs of life.

The Soldiers' Home.
An attempt has been made to create the public impression that the old soldiers who live at the United States Soldiers' Home, 1 the District of Columbia are the objects of sympathy, and need to be relieved from the cruel oppression by the army officers who are on duty at the institution and responsible for its administration. It is stated that some of the inmates contemplate the employment of a lawyer to prevent the governor of the home from withholding any part of the pension money of the soldiers, an action taken as a measure of discipline in the case of insubordination and otherwise refractory beneficiaries of the home. This sum retained is, of course, returned to the pensioner when he leaves the home by discharge, and it appears that some of those thus disciplined undertook to obtain discharge, receive their retained money, and then to seek readmission. Such a simple process of evasion of the effect of the rule has been, very properly, blocked by the authorities, who say that the old soldier who takes his discharge in this way may only be admitted again to the home by giving up the sum temporarily checked against him. It is insisted that the authorities have no "right" to resort to this practice, even for the purpose of maintaining discipline and preserving good conduct among the old soldiers.

An attack of this sort does great injustice to such an officer as Gen. Hawkins, the governor of the United States Soldiers' Home, of whose integrity there can be no question and against whose appreciation of the rights and privileges of the retired soldiers of the regular army there should be no aspersion. The soldiers who inhabit the home are favored beyond the inmates of any other similar institution. Among them are men who refuse to obey the reasonable rules adopted for the good of that community. There must be some way of exacting such obedience and of dealing with those who misconduct themselves. The only way is to deprive them of something which they want, and since, on account of their age in many cases, they may not be punished as other men out in the world, it has been considered that the withholding of pension money is a good method to pursue. The uproar, in the form of a newspaper sensation, shows that it is effective.

As a matter of fact, the beneficiaries of the home have no complaint to make. They receive many comforts and are surrounded by conditions which are vastly better in every way than attend the ex-

istence of many people. Some of them evidently do not appreciate the blessings that are theirs, which, while it may be understood, is to be deplored. The kicking that has been going on is probably confined to a few malcontents, who most need the discipline and more of it than it is possible to give. It is unreasonable to suppose that there is any harsh treatment or any injustice in the conduct of the institution. The officers in charge do much for the old soldiers, who ought to be grateful, and who ought to suppress the surly ones, who think they have a right to be obnoxious without hindrance or without any of the consequences of their selfish misbehavior. There is really no occasion for a public uprising in behalf of the old soldiers at the District home.

The President Right.
We believe that President Taft will be applauded by the entire country for his firm stand with respect to those hazers recently dismissed from the United States Military Academy at West Point.

However much one may regret to see the military careers of these young men wrecked, it is but the righteous truth to say that they fully merited their fate, brought on themselves with their eyes wide open, and have been punished according to their deserts. The President has upheld the plain law, that is all. No false sentiment or political pull has swerved him from a stern purpose to do just that.

Hazing is mean and vicious, anyway. Law or no law, it is unmanly, and ought to be discouraged everywhere. Time was when it received more or less questionable sanction in certain high quarters, but we hardly think it has ever appealed generally, or with great force, to any minds save the most immature or naturally depraved. It furnishes pleasure of a most doubtful sort to the hazer, and it brings nothing but shame, humiliation, disgust, and wretchedness to the haezee. Indeed, we doubt not that the life of the latter has on many occasions been permanently set awry by this utterly unworthy practice.

We hope we have heard the last of it now. Surely the next would-be hazer must know what to expect from Mr. Taft. It is improbable that these recent cases would have cropped out had it not been for the fact that certain hazers found guilty last year, under the same law invoked to dismiss the cadets immediately concerned, were practically reinstated by Executive order. No matter what the "ifs" and "ands" of those cases may have been, it is plainly and gratifyingly evident that the hazers need look for no clemency from Mr. Taft. He will have none of them—and he is everlastingly and eternally right, moreover.
The President has done much to restore discipline at West Point and throughout the entire army and navy, and for that he is entitled to the thanks of the people no less than the thanks of the officers responsible for the conduct of those two great branches of the government.

Guidance for Immigrants.
The immigrant is receiving much philanthropic attention. The newly arrived immigrant needs all the guidance that can be extended that has in view his own welfare and the benefit of this country. It appears that the North American Civic League has been doing praise-worthy work in Boston. Its agents meet immigrants on arrival and seek to protect them against scoundrels. It has a room as headquarters; it gives the newcomers pamphlets instructive as to good citizenship; it furnishes instruction in English, and it makes war on rascally contractors and brokers. One of the pamphlets contains these instructions:
"Do not permit your children under fourteen years of age to be employed in a factory, work shop, or mercantile establishment."
"Send all your children between seven and fourteen years of age to school."
"Take that your children, who are under twenty-one years of age, and who can neither read nor write the English language, attend evening schools, if they are employed in the daytime. It is required by statute in many sections of the country."
"Do not carry weapons."
"Keep everything clean and sweet about your person, your home, and your street. This is your best protection against disease."
The work is upon nonsectarian lines, every creed from Catholic to Hebrew being represented. Its sponsors have within one year been extended to New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, and it has called, not without encouraging response, for the co-operation of thoughtful native citizens.

It has long been held to be axiomatic that two things cannot occupy the same space at the same time. They will have to, however, if all of Mr. Roosevelt's alleged forthcoming specimens are crowded into the present Smithsonian Institution.
According to the Baltimore News, "a new cemetery is going to be established." Presumably, large numbers of Baltimoreans have taken advantage recently of these remarkable "bargain funerals" offered in their town.
"Beautiful words in beautiful places will change the looks on many faces," says the Chicago Record-Herald. So will beautiful kings, and queens, and jacks.
"Mr. Taft is reported to be not at all disturbed by the news that the corporation tax is to be taken into the courts to test its constitutionality," says the New York Post. We should think as much. Were he to be informed that such is not the case, doubtless he would be suspicious indeed.
Caruso says he "pays dearly" for everything he buys. Still, he does not have to buy grand opera tickets, and that should keep him from growing hopelessly pessimistic.
"As if we didn't have enough to bear already," Mr. Kemble has a cartoon in the current issue of Harper's Weekly that leaves the impression that "Uncle Joe" Cannon comes from Ohio," says the Ohio State Journal. However, our contemporary would be even madder had Mr. Kemble shown "Uncle Joe" going to Ohio.

If you desire to have your appendix removed while on your way to Europe, removal of the steamship lines are prepared to accommodate you. Only the more fashionable ones, however.

A Colorado delegate to the recent trans-Mississippi congress advocated the removal of the National Capital to Denver.

The scheme does not commend itself to our way of thinking. However, if Denver wants to remove to the National Capital, we shall bid it welcome to our city.

A Georgia life insurance company will accept only total abstainers as desirable risks. This will exclude a large number of shouting prohibitionists.

Because he does not like some of the people in the neighborhood a Chicago man threatens to erect a half mile of billboards on both sides of the street along which they live. This probably will be known as the Great Spite Way.

Mr. Justice Brewer received a warm welcome to Milwaukee. St. Louis, probably, is prepared to go Milwaukee one better, however.

Human nature is a curious thing. Somehow the average man likes to have his suspicions confirmed whether it is pleasant or not.

A Kansas editor says the word "Chauntique" is an Indian term, and means "a bag tied in the middle." Whether this is true or not, it seems likely enough.

The "boozie" manufacturers in this country might play a mean trick on Georgia and Alabama if they cared to. They might decline to ship anything into those States in any circumstances whatsoever, for, say, a year or two.

The New York Tribune left go a big asset when William Winter left the paper. That is the Tribune's business, of course, but we think it is a fact, nevertheless.

"What's the matter with that backwoods poet of the Charlotte (N. C.) Observer?" inquires the Richmond News Leader. Environment, in all probability.

An odorless onion would be about as useful as a kernellless nut.

"The young King of Spain has not yet essayed an airship flight," observes a writer. It must be remembered that his majesty has been rather busy of late piloting the ship of state through stormy seas.

A New York burglar says he quit the business "because there is no longer any money in it." As ardently as we desire to find something in the new tariff law to commend, we do not believe it is responsible for this burglar's act.

The young Shah of Persia is on the carpet for seven or eight wives. Thank heaven, we have not yet reached the point in this country where that makes our helmsmen sit up and take notice.

It was not a dig-dig that Mr. Roosevelt recently killed. Dear, no; it was a dink-dink! If this had been explained in the beginning, it would have saved a tremendous amount of worry and trouble.

Lieut. Sutton's method of suicide, while extremely odd and novel, appears, nevertheless, to have been quite successful.

"The Russian people give more attention to the art of dancing than any other people in the world," says the Lynchburg News. We sometimes think the American people give more attention to the art of paying the fiddler than any other people on earth.

If the new Lincoln penny really will not fit the slot machines, instead of recalling it, the government should put in a rush order for several millions more.

ANENT PUBLIC MEN.

Mr. Littauer and Gloves.
From the Boston Herald.
They indicate that Mr. Littauer feels hurt by President Taft. He hates to be handled without gloves.

Gov. Hughes and Primaries.
From the New York Evening Post.
Gov. Hughes' removal of his advocacy of direct primaries occasioned heart searching among our political philosophers.

Mr. Clark's Chautauqua Loss.
From the Chicago Record-Herald.
Clark's loss of \$7,000 through the cancellation of Chautauqua dates owing to the prolonged extra session of Congress.

Mayor Hibbard Lost Boston.
From the Boston Transcript.
Of course, the setting mayor of New York could not let the opportunity pass for condoling with Mayor Hibbard on the "capture" of Boston.

Mr. Taft Over the Border.
From the Boston Herald.
Mr. Taft is no tariff expert, the last thing he would pretend to be; he is a man of great common sense, of right motives and judicial temperament.

Dr. Elliot and the Pope.
From the Springfield Republican.
President Elliot has achieved the distinction of delivering an address on religion which the Pope has ordered to be translated into Italian for his own perusal.

Col. Scott and Discipline.
From the New York Sun.
We congratulate Col. Hugh L. Scott upon the issue of his fight for the enforcement of a law of Congress as well as for the maintenance of discipline at West Point.

The President and West Point.
From the Philadelphia Press.
If the United States Military Academy had had more expulsions for hazing in the past, such as President Taft has just confirmed, it would have less hazing now. No one needs to learn to obey the law quite as much as a future army officer.

On the Free List.
From the Louisville Courier-Journal.
Another item on the free list under the benign Payne bill is "appetite." It is described as a vitreous, sea-green, brown, blue-black or white, transparent to opaque, calcium chlorophosphate or fluorophosphate, usually crystallizing in hexagonal prisms. An appended note says that it was formerly valued as a jewel. It is doubtless because of its obsolescence that Mr. Aldrich admitted it without question.

Improving the Six-foot Shelf.
From the Boston Herald.
Our pessimistic friend, who is a writer, dropped in long enough to say that a six-foot bookshelf would hold a couple more volumes if the whole thing were done in paper covers. We promised him the idea should have immediate circulation.

Stretching It Somewhat.
From the St. Louis Star.
Mrs. Flannigan—Our John was awful fat when he came back from the hospital. Mrs. O'Toole—Faith, an' I do suppose the boy got big from sleeping on a stretcher.

What's the Answer?
From the Nashville Tennessean.
If a camel can go eight days without taking a drink—as report has it—and it takes a camel ten days to cross the State of Alabama—well, what's the answer?

Why Go Into Court?
From the Springfield Republican.
"Rockless automobilist's wife seeks divorce" is the way one recent Connecticut case has got into the papers. Why not, in Klipsing's phrase, "Wayne why?"

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

PLENTY OF MATERIAL.

That I repeat, some people say. It would appear that they are content to bring to bay Small deer.

Shakespeare himself was not above that line of poetry.

Neither were other writers of High rank.

Chaucer to timeworn phrases clung, in free to state.

Scores of repeaters loom among The great.

So, if exposing you would do, I make the claim.

Better confine your efforts to Big game.

Everything Helps.
"Have you any undesirable citizens?" "Undesirable citizens!" exclaimed the Chicago man. "There ain't no such thing during a census year."

Had the Speed Mania.
"A friend took me on a little auto trip through the country."

"And how did nature look?" "Kind of blurred."

Boardwalk Strategy.
About the rolling waves talks Tom, And wifely unaware.

Has her attention taken from The rolling chairs.

After Vacation.
"I see you step higher with one foot than with the other."

"That's the aftermath of my vacation in the mountains. I notice you hold your arms as usual."

"Yes; I spent the summer commuting. That's the result of the huddle habit."

Little Day Dreams.
"Mankind has varying ambitions."

"That's right. Sometimes I think I would like to be a bewhiskered farmer and raise chickens, and then again I think I would like to be a cold, cynical man of the world."

The Modern Equivalent.
"We had great stunts at the picnic."

"Did you have a sack race?" "A sack race? We had something a thousand times more exciting."

"Why, what on earth?" "We had a sheath Marathon."

WESTON, GT. AND OLD MAN.
His Clear Grit. Sample to Men No Long.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.
It is impossible to contemplate Weston and his achievements without satisfaction.

Here is a man, seventy-one years old, who in 190 days has walked about 4,000 miles, an average of forty miles a day.

What Weston has done should give hope to every one. If one man is young and strong at threescore and ten, why not the rest of us? If not as a walker, yet in other ways may a man be as good as ever after he has passed the scriptural limit of years.

Walking is Weston's problem, but he is sure, but confidence and a refusal to back down where the mastery of his accomplishments. Senator Aldrich is verging on seventy, yet he struggled through the fearful Washington heat and dominated the American Senate without giving sign of physical or mental fatigue.

Statecraft is Aldrich's business, as walking is Weston's, but it is the unconquerable quality of perseverance and self-confidence that counts even more than the practice that tends to make perfect.

Weston is a grand old man of America. He deserves well for the example he has set for his countrymen. The American value of grit, and for his own sake, and for the sake of the world, let us hope that he will continue to set the example of his life.

Most Desirable Troubles.
From the Nashville Tennessean.
You remember the old fable of the convention of Those with Troubles of Their Own. How each was permitted to lay down his Package of Trouble and take away the Trouble Package deposited by some one else. If he so chose. And now each, after looking over the collection, has chosen his own package of trouble, and went forth content. The chances are that any one of these would have broken a leg diving for the other fellow's Package, whatever it might have been.

The Greatest Woman.
From the Boston Traveler.
It is safe to say that there are no suffragettes in the town of Cawker, for here is a report of the Woman's Debating Society:

"Who may rightly be said to be the greatest woman in history? The answer that was awarded the prize was this: 'The wife of a man of moderate means, who does her own cooking, washing, and ironing, brings up a family of girls and boys to be useful members of society, and finds time for her own intellectual and moral improvement, is the greatest woman in all history.'"

NOTHING TO SAY.
(Apologies to James Whitcomb Riley.)
Nothing to say, dear reader, nothing at all to say. Somewhere the bees are biting, and I wish I were flat by the bank so mossy, with a line cast into the stream.

Flat by the bank with nothing to do in the world but dream.
But, no; I must fill this column with acres of so-called verse.

Alas, dear, and such-like, paragraphs here and there—
Good-by to the mossy banklet—go to fill this to-day.

Nothing to say, dear reader, nothing at all to say. Nothing to say, dear reader, nothing at all to say. Nothing to say, dear reader, nothing at all to say.

But alas! I can't get started on the subject of kings again, then, and sources and castles—for I know where their shift waist's stuck.

Warbles a tune operatic in a regular post-card vein. The breeze blows soft through the twilight, the moon comes out of the sea.

If you take the trouble to listen you may hear the sibilant of the sea.

No, I cannot procure inspiration from the antics of rulers to-day—
Nothing to say, dear reader, nothing at all to say.

PEOPLE AND THINGS

Hungry Times in Hungary.

The cost of living is a subject of earnest discussion in Austria-Hungary. Not only the workmen for day's wages, but those with regular salaries have difficulty to make both ends meet. Even government officials are in debt. The complaint is made at Budapest that in Hungary bread is dearer than in Austria, Germany, Belgium, and Holland. Meat at present is dearer in Hungary than anywhere else. The system of taxes makes the brewing of cheap beer an impossibility. Nobody in Hungary thinks of growing vegetables in a garden. Instead of promoting agriculture, which appears to be one thing in which Hungary has always been great, the government spends its millions upon creating an industrial class, the employers of which have to be artificially assisted, and the employed are for the most part aliens, since the Hungarian laborer, who has in numberless generations tilled the earth and cultivated the vine, cannot learn to work in a factory. Emigration on an enormous scale is the result. Yet nowhere in the world are there as many coffee houses, casinos, and clubs as in Hungary, nor as many people who spend their whole time playing cards and discussing politics.

Mexican Ruins of Concrete.
Archaeologists advance an interesting theory concerning the architecture whose works survive a vanished civilization in Mexico. The theory is that these gigantic ruins were constructed of concrete, cast in gigantic size. The explanation is plausible. Present civilization has only recently reached the point of large concrete construction, and it is not difficult to believe that it is one of the lost arts. The difficulty that must have attended the transformation of what have been believed to be colossal stone blocks vanishes if it was possible to make of concrete, for which abundant material was easily obtainable. It is also possible that the remote race concerned achieved better concrete construction than we have yet obtained. The abundant carving of a comparatively recent date in the ruins in the remains of these ruined cities could have been done in concrete.

An Earthquake Convention.
Are we ever to protect ourselves against earthquakes? The international convention for their study is to meet in September at Zermatt, with delegates from almost every country. The study of earthquakes is said to have been pursued most diligently in Japan and in Italy. The discovery which led to the establishment of observatories, furnished with delicate instruments, was made in Japan. In 1871 a Russian astronomer noticed, while making observations with one of the levels attached to a telescope, that the bubble of the level was oscillating. But apparently for no reason. Directly, however, there came the news of an earthquake at Iquique, which had occurred an hour and a quarter before the oscillations of the instrument; and since that time it has been ascertained that this is just the time needed for the earth waves to travel the 8,000 miles between the two points. Such was the beginning of what seems to be now a highly developed attempt at the formation of a new science.

Charming Isles of the Sea.
There are unclaimed islands in the world that would make charming places of retreat for sad bachelors or others weary of the hubbub of the world. There, in tropical or sub-tropical climes, ever surrounded by the isolating sea, they could indulge to the full their longing for restful solitude. The plantations of the banana, the sugar cane, the melon would contribute to their support, and the lonely if not lonesome dweller may find plenty of occupation in fishing, gardening, and reading whatever books he may have sent to him from easily reached civilization. There are a few such islands in the Caribbean, and now such an isolated area is about to be annexed by the United States. Although in the Hawaiian group, the isle is on no map, and there is no record that it ever belonged to any one, although King Kalaheka once lost it as a stake in a poker game with a United States minister.

A Father's Order of Shoes.
There are a man and wife in Northern Vermont who would gratify the Roosevelt ideal of parentage. They are French Canadians, and the husband and father recently sent the following mail order to a merchant: "Monsieur—Please send me a pair of shoes for my family. I am Mr. Jacques, fourteen years; Louise, thirteen years; Bateese, twelve years; Henri, eleven years; Tolette, ten years; Alva, nine years; Louis, eight years; Prosper, seven years; Denise, six years; Polon, five years; Valerie, four years; Jeanne, three years; Josephine, two years; Natalie and Jack, one year—day two—day baby, she goes barefoot. How much?"

A Town Crier Silent.
Nantucket has lost its town crier, "Billy" Clark, who died, broken-hearted, because he had lost his voice. He was a queer vocal newspaper. He made two rounds of the town a day, in the morning to announce auctions, bargain sales, and entertainments, and in the afternoon or evening to tell the news of the outside world that had been brought to Nantucket by the boat, and to sell newspapers. It was his afternoon function, also, to mount the Old South Church tower and sight the boat from New Bedford, and to proclaim her coming by blowing his horn on the four sides of the belfry. On a foggy day this meant that the steamer would arrive in thirty minutes, and on a clear day that she was two hours off. The inhabitants could accordingly govern their rush to the wharf. "Billy" was thrifty and made folks pay for their fun. Hence his two birthdays, one in summer, when the visiting strangers were expected to reward him openly, and one in winter, when the islanders remembered him with a barrel of flour or other things substantial.

Her Preference.
From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.
"Have you any of Dr. Elliot's five feet of books?" inquired a fair young girl of the librarian in one of the local libraries. He secured several for her to look over. She returned his book in about ten minutes. "I believe I will take one of Bertha M. Clay's works, please," she said with a weary air.

They Lack Originality.
From the Washington (Iowa) Democrat.
There is absolutely no originality in the makeup of the average murderer. After confessing, he invariably "calmly lights a cigarette." Some one would make a decided hit if he would take a chew of tobacco or call for an ice cream cone.

Is It the Sleeping Sickness?
From the Houston Post.
Mr. Roosevelt is fixing to visit a dead volcano in Kenya province. We are assured. We should think he would prefer to kill a volcano, instead of monkeying with a dead one.

A Syndicate Baby.
From the Washington (Iowa) Democrat.
A girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Fishburn and also to Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Ralston and Mr. and Mrs. Tad Plummer.

WHY MARATHON?

Well-known Author Unable to Connect Race with Written History.

Andrew Lang, in Illustrated London News.
Why do they call it a Marathon? Somebody asked me at the Drochnadach riots games. Nine or ten men were padding their weary hoofs round a quarter of a mile course. Eighty times a quarter of a mile make twenty miles, and the runners were going to run all night, going to run all day, till they accomplished their course. I thought I knew why this deplorable exhibition is called a "Marathon," and told the inquirer that in 490 B. C., Callimachus, being Pheidippides, the Athenian who defeated the Persians at Marathon, and that somebody ran twenty miles to Athens with the news of the victory. There was no race in the matter.

But did I tell the truth? In a bookless valley I happened to possess Mr. Macaulay's crib to Herodotus, who wrote about sixty years after the event. He mentions an Athenian long distance runner, Pheidippides, who ran from Athens to Sparta to ask for help, and did the task in two days. But I find nothing when we come to the last about the Marathon runner. The whole affair of the battle is queer. Pheidippides, the late ruler of Athens, guided the Persians to Marathon by sea, disembarked them, and drew them up in a very deep line. He then began to cough, "more than usual," coughed a tooth away, could not find it, and said they would come to grief. The Athenians imitated the Persian formation, with Callimachus in command of a small territorial force on the right, and with the Plataeans on the left wing. The center was weak; the wings were dense columns of attack. A mile separated the foe and the Athenians. But I find nothing when we come to the last about the Marathon runner. 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